

Chapter XVIII

Six Tragic Years

Grenada had been in existence as a town for just eight years short of a half century when there began the most tragic six years in the history of the Yalobousha river town. The first forty two years of its existence had brought about the usual hardships and triumphs common to the pioneer towns of the region and the times. There had been years of too much rain, or years of too little moisture when crops failed to measure up to optimistic early spring expectations; there had been seasons when the expected rise in the water of the river had not materialized early enough to enable the merchants and planters to bring in all materials needed for local consumption, nor to ship out all the produce upon which the economy of the region depended, and there had been sickness in people and livestock which had slowed up the agricultural production of the region. A period of inflated land values and hectic land speculation, followed by an acute financial panic, caused many men to default in payment of land purchases and lose property in which they had invested considerable money and energy. Lots in Grenada, in large numbers had been sold for taxes. The town and region had just begun to emerge from that period of financial hardship into a few years of prosperity when the dark clouds of the impending Civil War began to forecast another period of disaster. The trials and sufferings of that period have been related in other chapters of this work. But there was never a six year period in its history more tragic for Grenada than the period beginning in the early days of August, 1878, and terminating in December of 1884. In this short period a yellow fever epidemic decimated the town; the failure of its only banks jeopardized the financial welfare of most of its people, and a raging fire destroyed the major part of the business houses of the town, and overshadowed by the importance of and publicity given to the above related disasters, the Buffaloe gnats attacked the livestock of the region and brought much loss to the farmers who depended on their livestock to help produce their agricultural products.

In the summer of 1878 the people of Grenada were still very proud of having achieved their longtime dream of becoming the county seat of a new county. A legislature, dominated by republicans black and white, had granted a request which Democratic legislatures every since 1845 had been refusing to grant. Just two years before the summer of 1878, Mississippi had elected a democratic governor, and things were beginning to look up in a political way, although negro voters still were able to place in some offices candidates of their choice. Abandoned plantations had been brought back into cultivation; old businesses re-established and new ones set up, and a fairly satisfactory labor relationship set up between white farm owners and negro tenants. Then came sickness; realization of the prevalence of the dreaded yellow fever, and soon a raging epidemic, the progress and suffering of which have been related in a previous chapter of this work. Although the epidemic was over by late November it took months, even years, for many of the citizens to recover from the shock of those dreadful summer and early fall days of 1878. If a town ever needed a period of peace and security from anxiety during which it could readjust its emotional and economic problems the stricken town needed that period. But this peace did not prevail for the years immediately following the end of the epidemic. There were charges and counter-charges relative to the conduct of different people during the pestilence stricken days and weeks of the course of the plague. Many people had left town during the early days of the epidemic and some of these were accused of cowardice, while the accused and their friends claimed that they had merely been prudent, and that those who had remained in town with their families had been reckless in exposing the lives of their loved ones to the dread disease. In justification of this charge they pointed to cemetery lots in which entire families rested, victims of the fever.

As has been pointed out in a previous chapter, misunderstanding was not confined to disputes between those who remained, and those who fled town. Some of those who remained in town during the entire course of the epidemic were at odds over the way those in charge of political, relief and personal problems had responded to their responsibility. Some of the participants in the general relief work felt that they had received too much criticism and too little credit. One minister, who had rendered great service to the suffering people, intentionally or unintentionally, conveyed the impression that he was the only minister who had remained in town during the epidemic. He was angrily reminded that three other ministers of the town had died while remaining with their stricken people. There were charges that money sent in to relieve the needy poor had been used to help out those people who were able to help themselves. It would take time to heal these scars of a town still in a state of shock over a tragic experience. In their struggle with the republicans, the local democrats had secured a precarious hold on some of the county, and most of the city political offices. Some people, dissatisfied with both of the regular political parties, organized independent voters for the purpose of bargaining with the two regular parties when the independents did not have a large following, or for the purposes of nominating independent candidates when they felt that there was enough dissatisfaction among the members of either, or both of the regular parties to justify the hope that an independent ticket might prevail at the next election. An incident, which has been noted briefly in another chapter, had both political and epidemic overtones. J. J. Williams, employee of the Grenada Sentinel, had been elected to the state legislature by the democrats. He was not renominated by the Democratic Party in the Convention in which they choose their candidates. The Editor of the Sentinel, a staunch democratic, relieved Mr. Williams of his duties in connection with the paper, and a disagreement between the two led to a newspaper argument which was discussed in the chapter of this work relative to newspapers and newspaper men. In their argument over this political question they uncovered an old thread of the charges relative to those who became refugees from the town. In the course of their newspaper letter battle Col. Williams used the New South, a local competing paper, while Mr. Buchanan, editor of the Sentinel, used his own paper, as the media for the publication of their differences. Mr. Williams referred to Mr. Buchanan as "A refugee who stood at my gate and plead youth, orphanage and friendship for admittance from the ravages of the pestilence then sweeping the best people of Grenada to the graves by scores." He then continues: "Touched with sympathy and rising to the fearless responsibility of Christian courage, he was admitted to the best room and the best bed in my cabin; and that too, when I felt assured that I might be digging my own grave, and that of my helpless family. A ton of gold could not have purchased that which the claim of friendship procured without debate. In order to make him and another young friend more comfortable my good, and then living, wife exiled herself with a darling little granddaughter to a kind neighbor's house for fifteen days that all the room might be given to us to battle with the scourge which I momentarily expected for several days, as both the visitor had been exposed to the dead and dying in Grenada." Mr. Buchanan answered the Colonel in this manner: "When the Colonel referred to us as a refugee during the epidemic of '78, and spoke so feelingly of his lofty display of christian courage in extending the common hospitality of life, he should have gone a little further and told who paid for the meat and bread that was consumed by his entire household. Since the Colonel has thrust this matter upon the public with so little delicacy, it is but just to the editor of the Sentinel and our friend, to say that we paid for what was consumed at the Colonel's hospitable board, as the books of Col. W. N. Pass, Peacock & Powell and others will show. We found the Colonel's larder empty, and had it not been for us he must have suffered for the necessities of life or have been a pensioner upon public charity. We stopped with Col. Williams about ten days, and we paid well for the entertainment. Having said this much, we now beg pardon of the readers of the Sentinel for devoting so much space to matters that common delicacy and good breeding ought to have

prompted the sympathetic old gentleman to have left unsaid. We now dismiss the subject for good, proposing to take no further note of a man who has brought upon himself ridicule and contempt of intelligent people of the county, preferring ourself to be a 'living ass' to a 'dead lion'." But the editor was not done with the subject. Colonel Williams again used the pages of the New South to voice his final leave of any connection with the Sentinel and its editor: "Here I take my final leave of the Sentinel and its hopeful editor, knowing full well that there are papers in and out of the state which may be glad to secure the service of a pen that never grew nervous in an encounter of wits with best talents of a state whose editorial corps, in all the great elements intellectual and moral forces, is equal to the same number in other states in the union; while I shall ever admire a roaring lion rather than a braying ass, I indulge the hope that my quondam friend of the Sentinel will yet arise from the stupidity of the latter, if he never reaches the dignity of the former. If intellect, by any undiscovered mental philosophy comes by absorption, there is hope yet that a few more years of association with men of brains will enable him to venture forth on the fearful experiment of construction of a sentence that Smith has arrived and James has departed."

On October 2, 1881, J. M. Patterson, Editor of the New South, joined editor Buchanan in condemning Col. Williams for his changed political loyalty. He quotes part of a statement made by the Colonel soon after his defeat as a candidate for nomination as the democrat candidate for the State Legislature: "So I take my stand in favor of the Democratic ticket with courage undaunted, devotion un-slacked and hope undiminished, asking that many who have spent hours, if not days, misrepresenting my opinions and perverting my purposes shall exercise the same energy and will and honor in behalf of our common political family - and would say to them and especially to the Gallant young Knight (McSwine) who has been placed in the front, lead on, no matter how impregnable the fortress, your old lieutenant will be the first man to salute your standard when waving it in triumph, and applaud the courage that planted it there." The editor then comments: "In borrowing a short extract from Col. Williams' voluminous and redundant literature on which to sermonize, we beg a kind public to make a clear distinction between the genial and innocent old gentleman, socially, and the impracticable, non descript, fossilized, core-hardened, God-forsaken old politician." Although this argument, arising from political differences, became very personal under the stress of the conditions of the time, Mr. Buchanan and Col. Williams became friendly again after the political campaign was over and done with. Dr. McSwine, the man selected as democratic nominee instead of Col. Williams, defeated the other candidates in the general election.

The year 1884 was to rock the economy of the town, and area, in much the same way the fever epidemic had shocked the physical welfare of the people during that past, but not forgotten dreadful period. In August of 1878 the health of the community seemed robust, and no apprehension existed relative to epidemics. In the same optimistic state of mind the people of the area envisioned no serious economic change. The political disputes, such as the one we have related, seemed to be the most serious problems of the moment. Although most of the people had not yet recovered from their business losses of the Civil War and post-Civil War years, most had gone to work with a will and many had begun to build up bank balances in the two private banks serving the town. These banks were owned and operated by local men-citizens of long standing who had the confidence of the town and county. Many of the area farmers depended upon these banks to finance their farming operation in return for deeds of trust given on livestock, agricultural implements and the growing crops. Many of the merchants of the town accepted similar paper as they arranged credit at their stores for the farmers who needed credit, and they the merchants discounted the paper at the banks. A considerable amount of similar credit was furnished by firms of cotton commission merchants of New Orleans and Memphis.

Early in the year 1884 came the first blow at the economy of the region. On that date the Grenada Sentinel reported that the R. P. Lake Bank had failed, and that Mr. Lake had assigned all of his property to G. W. Jones for the benefit of creditors. It was reported that the liabilities of the bank amounted to about \$60,000, and it was hoped that, when liquidated, the assets would pay off most of the creditors. At the time of its failure the bank, formerly Lake Brothers Bank, had become the individual business of R. P. Lake. As is usual in such cases, the creditors suffered considerable loss in the failure, although Mr. Jones seems to have done an excellent job in collecting the liquid assets of the bank. Although the bank failure hampered many people in a financial way there was no panic in the business circles of the town. The N. C. Snider & Son Bank was still doing business, and the merchants continued to furnish credit to their regular customers. The Summer months, usually dull times for the merchants of the town, were running out, and the merchants and cotton buyers, anticipating approaching fall business, were getting ready for the expanded business activity which began when the cotton harvest got underway. The season of good business had just begun when tragedy struck a stunning blow. The great fire of 1884 occurred.

The Grenada Sentinel reported the fire in these words: "On last Saturday night a fire swept over a large portion of this town, carrying ruin and dismay in its track. About six o'clock P. M. a white smoke was seen struggling through the roof of S. H. Garner's furniture house; which in a few seconds changed into black, dense volumes, followed by a globe of fire which shot up and disappeared in the darkened sky. The light materials for making mattresses, with a quantity of varnish, turpentine and other combustible and inflammable materials furnished the fire with both wings and tongues, and the whole building, in less time than we have been writing, was a sheet of roaring flames. As the heat increased buildings both north and south took fire as it leaped from roof to roof of dry cypress shingles, which from the heat of the day were in a ready condition to ignite. To arrest the flames was impossible, and the only resource was in rescuing goods from the contiguous buildings and bearing them to a place of safety, which for a time was in the open street. The heat, however, soon became so intense that these took fire and burned slowly until the row of houses on the opposite side of the street were wrapped in the general conflagration beneath which some of the property of quite a number disappeared, with the all of a few. In less than forty minutes every house on both sides of main street from Phoenix Hall to the corner of Griffis & Duncan, and from Ferguson's stable to the corner of Thomas Brothers caught, and as roofs fell in and walls tumbled, in some instances dense showers of sparks intermingled with flames, they presented a sight of grandure seldom witnessed. Perhaps the grandest exhibition of the fire was when it took in two large livery stables which had just stored in the upper stories large quantities of dry fodder, hay and straw for winter. The roofs were literally raised upon the mad, rushing, roaring sheets of flame that shot up in whirling globes accompanied by masses of smoke as black as the clouds that hang over the bottomless pit.

When the fire had reached every house on main street from one corner of the block to the other, it went east and west on Depot street involving the best and most substantial buildings in the town. Several of them were double-storied and covered with tin or sheet iron and resisted the intensity of the heat for some length of time, but had to yield at last to the devouring element. Now could be seen four lines of fire, with decreasing force in some places, but accumulating energy at others. Rapidly the glow marched until every house from Peacock & Powell's corner to Lake Cottonshed were swept in the angry fires. The larger wooden structures on this line of buildings soon yielded to the ravages of the fiery fiend, while the low wooden buildings on both side of Green Street seemed to whet his appetite for more furious destruction. Thus, in less than two hours, more than two whole blocks had melted away before one of the most powerful forces of nature. During this brief period of cronology, but almost years of agony to our people, everybody was at work, and everything

in confusion. Of course the leading idea was to save all the property that could be handled, and this was heaped upon the square in piles, in circles, speriods, oblongs, and every other regular and irregular shape. Fortunately the night was calm; not a leaf trembled on its stem, only as moved by the contending currents of cold and rarefied air, and it was sorryful, to some, at least, as the night that brooded over Paradise when the exiled couple of the world's population looked back upon the expiring lights of their primitive, happy Eden. No one was killed or even badly hurt, notwithstanding the many risks that men boldly made and fearlessly accomplished.

Gloomy Saturday night wore along its weary hours and the sun arose on the next morning upon a large part of our town in ashes, with broken walls on every side, and a dozen or two gaunt chimney standing here and there like solemn but speechless sentinels overlooking the ruins. The square was one large bazar of goods and merchandise scattered and heaped in apparently inextricable confusion. The work, however, to moving them to places of safety soon began, and with the aid of practiced eyes and private marks, the recognition of property was made apparent. By noon they were all in places of security, which are now undergoing repairs for future business, leaving the square literally covered with loose papers, boxes, and other debris which ever follow a fire of any magnitude.

In conclusion, we rejoice to say that our merchants and men of business are taking their losses with that calm philosophy which teaches them that the battle of life does not consist of a single engagement, and so far from yielding to despondency, they were busily adjusting their losses and making preparations for a more active campaign in the struggle of life's duty than ever. They have been met on all sides with most encouraging hopes and tenders from friends, and wholesale dealers at a distance not to strike their colors so long as there is a dollar in the locker, one spring of energy left, or one clear idea in the head." Mr. Buchanan relates that he met Charlie Sterle, shoemaker as he passed the Sentinel office one day, leading a fat little mustang, and the shoemaker stated that the animal was all the property he had left after the fire, but that he intended setting up in business again. The Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad generously offered special rates on freight charges for consturction materials brought over its line to Grenada. The freight charge of a carload of 6,000 brick was set at eight dollars, and rates on other types of building materials was proportionately lowered. The Sentinel office, being at that time on the north side of the square, escaped any serious injury although Mr. Buchanan reported about \$500.00 dollars damage. Most of the merchants were under-insured, and some of them carried no insurance at all.

On October 4, 1884, less than two months after the fire, The Sunny South, a periodical published by the Illinois Central Railroad System, perhaps in an attempt to boost the prospects of the devastated town, had this to say about the town: "Grenada, which is the junction of the Illinois Central and the Mississippi & Tennessee, has a population of 2500, ninety per cent of which are Americans. It is the county seat of Grenada County, has one Collegiate Institute, several fine private schools, and a thorough and efficient public school system. Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Episcopal churches are represented. Has several mills, factories etc." One writer speaking of Grenada says: "This country offers great inducements to emigrants and homeseekers. Fine farming land adapted to every purpose of agriculture ready for immediate cultivation, or only partially improved and developed, can be secured at incredible low prices. The climate is salubrious, and the county for the most part is healthy and free from malarial influences. The soil is fertile, and produces abundantly and profitably all the grains, grasses, fruits, flowers and vegetables peculiar to a temperate and semi-tropical climate. The citizens of the County are generally prosperous, and will compare favorably with any community in intelligence and education, and are quiet, orderly and law abiding. Homeseekers are received with cordiality, and a generous and hearty welcome

awaits the coming settlers. In Grenada County are now about 4,000 acres of United States land that can be had for \$1.20 per acre, or can be entered as a homestead. Improved farms in the vicinity of Grenada are worth \$8 to \$20 per acre; unimproved \$2 to \$4. Grenada offers special inducements to land buyers, and everyone looking for cheap lands in a desirable locality should by all means visit this City and surrounding County. The railroad company had on a publicity campaign in an endeavor to bring emigrants into the areas through which its lines ran, so this publicity on Grenada and Grenada County was not altogether unselfish, but was much appreciated by the people of the town and county. Five years later, in the year 1889, Catherine Cole, a representative of the New Orleans Picayune, visited Grenada and wrote an article about the town. Among other comments she wrote: "The chief fault of Grenada is a spirit of indifference to the outside world. Newcomers are welcomed with genuine and lasting hospitality, but they are not invited." This statement confirms the comments of the Sunny South relative to the hospitality of the people, and also indicates an attitude of mind which probably resulted in its slow development while other Mississippi towns were growing at a faster rate. In the year 1900 Grenada and Greenwood had the same number of inhabitants, the number being 2,568; Water Valley (then a railroad shop town) had 3,813; Jackson 7,816 and Vicksburg, the largest city in the state, had a population of 14,834. Grenada increased very slowly relative to population until real industrial development began about thirty years ago.

On October 17, 1884, before the rubbish of the August fire had been completely cleared, and all demolished buildings rebuilt, misfortune again struck the seemingly ill-fated town. The one remaining bank failed. The Sentinel reports the failure: "Our community was very much shocked and excited yesterday (Friday) morning at the announcement that the banking house of N. C. Snider & Son had made an assignment. This was an old, well established concern, and had enjoyed the entire confidence of our people for years, and of course, very naturally caught nearly everybody in this section who had money on deposit. The assets is reported to be between \$70,000 and \$80,000 and liabilities below the assets. These assets mostly of mortgages on crops, stock and lands, as they have done a heavy advancing business. What the final results we are not at this writing able to state, as everything is in confusion. Surely the county has fallen upon calamitous times, and what the general results will be for the year's business, the deponent sayeth not. Next week we will investigate and give truthful particulars." In the next issue of his paper the editor gives some of the promised particulars: "It is evident from facts, as well as almost universal report, that the smash of N. C. Snider & Son's Bank here has caused more general destruction in its crash than any similar financial institution that has fallen by the wayside for many years in this part of the state. Its liabilities are fully up to the sum of \$90,000 or \$100,000, while the normal assets are about \$65,000, chiefly in notes, one half of which will never be collected. It is well known that after R. P. Lake's failure, Col. Snider repeatedly stated that he was solvent beyond any ordinary contingency, and left the impression with many that he was worth \$50,000 to \$75,000, and yet several months afterwards we learn, while on his deathbed, he stated to his cashier, partner and confidential adviser, that he was insolvent and desired his son to carry the business through if possible. Here was a secret that should have been used by Mr. J. B. Snider as the turning point of his own life, and perhaps the safety of many others. If he believed his father's statement, he should have examined into the condition of the bank, and finding it tottering, he should not have lost one hour in temporizing by expedients and hopes, but closed it up at once. He would have saved his own credit to a great extent, and would have saved in some degree the wide spread ruin through the entire community, as fatal to some as the throes of death." The editor seems very severe in his criticism of the unfortunate J. B. Snider who had been made partner in his father's bank just a few months before the father, probably in anticipation of early death, made the reputed confession relative to the

condition of the bank. It is inconceivable that the son would have tried to carry on the bank unless he felt that there was a chance of saving it. It is also unlikely that the bank could become to a greater degree insolvent by dissipating the chief assets of the bank, consisting mostly of notes, when these notes were a drug on the financial market. Rather, it would seem that the young man was to be commended for trying to carry out his fathers dying request to endeavor to save the bank.

..It is possible that the editor, and the many other people critical of the Sniders, had experienced so many recent reverses that they had to find a scape-goat on which to burden their load of bitterness and frustration. The Editor continued his bitter invective: "The idea of old ladies and old men who have toiled through the light of day and to late hours of the night, in order to lay up a few hundred dollars for the last years of declining life, seeing that pittance disappear as the puff of smoke, can never be known to human intelligence nor to human sympathy. It baffles the pen to portray, the tongue to speak it. But the question will come up, what has become of all this missing money? What has become of the original capital and the many thousands which trusting people have placed in the hands of these bankers? In a well organized bank every dollar received and every dollar paid out should be accounted for. If it has been lost in stock or lands the books should explain it. If it is gone in futures the bank should show it. If it has been lost in high living and extravagance, it should be made apparent to the public. If it has been absorbed in cards, it should be shown. If it has been stolen, some evidence should be left behind. How the money has been lost here, has all gone, we do not pretend to know, nor do we say. We are not sharp enough as mindreaders to intuitively find out these mysterious things. We know that tens of thousands of dollars have gone, and leaving nothing but a blank stare in each face, and perhaps a secret curse in each heart, as the only expression of ruined hundreds." The editor then gives a list of seventy four of the depositors and the amount of their deposits, and states that he has no information on the amount of deposits of many other people who had money in the bank. Significantly, he mentions the fact that he had \$790.00 dollars on deposit. Perhaps this contributed to the bitterness of his condemnation of the bankers.

The editor of the Water Valley Progress commented on the misfortunes of Grenada: "Snider's Bank of Grenada failed last week. It does seem that our sister city, Grenada, has had a rough time of it, within the last few years. In '78 the terrible scourge, yellow fever, almost depopulated the place. A few months since Lake's Bank made an assignment, which swept away thousands of dollars of hard earnings of its citizens. But a few weeks since the fire fiend raged in all its madness and fury consuming thousands and thousands of property of that devoted people, and now, to cap the climax, Snider's Bank suspends, and the good people of Grenada are forced to take another draught from the bitter cup of adversity."

In view of the bitter criticism and insinuation of the editor of the Sentinel after ther failure of Snider's Bank, it seems only fair to quote from an editorial from the pen of the same editor just a few months before the failure of the bank: "Col. N. C. Snider has long been ranked among the leading private bankers of the state, and his well known habits of promptness, integrity and financial ability has given him a hold upon the confidence of our people that has been unshaken up to this time. Mr. J. B. Snider, after years of tutilage under the direction of his father, is well qualified to fill the junior station in the new firm. (The new firm referres to the change by which the name of the bank was changed from N. C. Snider to N. C. Snider & Son.) This house needs no introduction from us. Their works and their faithful services in our community are their best indorsements."

In a happier state of mind the editor of the Sentinel, on December 20, 1884, reports on the very fine way in which the people of the town has survived fire and bank failure, and had made rapid progress in rebuilding the devastated business section of the town: "Four months ago, when a destructive fire swept through Grenada, it was thought that we were ruined, so great was the distressing consternation of the people. It is adversity and difficulties, that bring out the courage of a community; no less than the grit of a man, and on looking over our town, resurrected from ashes and reconstructed on a heavier basis and with improved proportions, it does seem that blessings sometime slumber in disguise. Now, in the burnt district, twenty two stories, and six one story buildings, with two large livery stables, present to the eye, a transformation almost marvelous. All the new houses that have gone up are creditable to the town, and some of them would adorn cities of greater wealth and population. Besides those that are now up, others are to follow in the spring. The building spirit has infused new energy into the purposes and ambition of our commercial men, and spread amongst all classes a spirit of pride in the beauty of our town, which makes for Grenada a brighter future than ever.

Beginning on the west side of the town, the stranger will see the large cotton shed and wagon yard belonging to Capt. J. B. Lake, of Memphis, in charge of Buck Wright, with impacted yeard, brick walls and iron roof. On the north side of the same street the tidy and substantial business house of Mr. Sidney Kettle and Mr. W. H. Wood will meet the observer's gaze. On Green street are the house of Dr. Barksdale and the neat, two story building of Col. W. M. Pass, all occupied by business men. On the corner of Green and Depot street, stands the large iron and hardware building of Doak & Laurence, severe in its simplicity, with its iron front, smooth walls and large upper story windows. On the south side of the square, extending from Green street some distance, will be seen the large block built by Mrs. Donkin, Mrs. Gerard and the Whitakers with stores, except one, filled with supplies, and that one will be occupied in a few weeks. The upper stories of this splendid block are intended for offices and private apartments, which will soon be occupied, and they present rare attractions with their ample space and splendid lights. The fronts of all the ground floors of this fine block are made with iron, and from their large lighted doors present a business like appearance. Immediate is the handsome and solid structure of Col. W. N. Pass, now occupied as a saloon. The walls of the old Stokes Building on the southeast corner of the square stood the fire from top to bottom better than any other one of the burnt buildings, and has been substantially repaired. Below on Main street, will be seen the tasteful and solid building, now the property of Col. W. N. Pass. Crossing over to the east side of Main street, we see the new, brick stables standing upon the same sites as those burned down, furnished in fine style. Going north from the stables, we approach the Mullin block as it is popularly called, but it belongs to several others, the first of which belongs to John Hughes and is a splendid tribute to his ambition and pride, having its upper and lower stories arranged to his own wants and wishes. The next if the handsome house built for Capt. J. B. McCord on somewhat the same general principles, his own store rooms being peculiarly adapted to his business. In the line of progress northward, we meet with the beautiful and stylish buildings of Mr. Geo. W. Jones and W. C. Mclean. These gentlemen, not merely wished to place on their old sites, houses adapted to business, but something that would add to their fame as public spirited citizens, and something that would reflect upon their architectural ideas of fitness and progress, and they have succeeded. The interior finish of these buildings in the most 'tout ensemble' has an air of beauty and attractiveness that will immediately attract the beholder's eye. In the four beautiful houses of which we have spoken, there is nothing wanted to make them pleasant to look at, and but much more so, to make their design suited to desired ends.

We now approach the grand result of the new order of architecture that

has arisen on the banks of our little Yalobousha, to give the final touch of style in the expenditures of the whole of our city. As one good thing exceeds another in proportions and grandure, the buildings erected by Mr. Robert Mullin will long stand as a material monument of his good taste and ambition; and were it not that he will leave behind him (which period we pray may be long deferred) something more enduring than piles of brick and mortar, no matter how artistically furnished, we should have inferred that he intended to erect something, in the splendid proportion of beauty and finish, to keep alive his memory in after years, but when we examine into the records of our own and other lands and find that the best and noblest of specimens of manhood have lived generations without the aid of iron, bronze or marble, we imagine this splendid building is simply the desire of his old age, to do something for the benefit of the people amongst whom he lived, worked, toiled with no stain to mar his escutcheon. We may say that in the new and splendid house, we have a whole, with its admirable details, that will reflect favorably upon the town, its builder and its architect, and we fearlessly assert, that its equal is not to be found in this state. Its size will challenge comparison, its details are exactly suited to the whole and its ornamentations are works of art. To see in a merchant's apartment English plate glass worth nearly \$700 in a town no larger than Grenada, in front of this palatial quarters, is an evidence of the style and cost of the whole. Above is the large and splendid hall devoted to public recreation, public tastes and public education by whatever will amuse, please, instruct and refine the public ear."